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LONDON.

WHEN, in ordinary circumstances, we speak of a city or town, an idea is raised in the mind, of a place in which there is something like a distinct unity of character, in which the people have a common resemblance, and are actuated by a combination of purpose. An idea of this description should never be excited when speaking or thinking of London. There is no word in our language capable of defining what London is. It is neither a city nor a town; and the terms capital and metropolis equally fail in telling its character. Those who stay in London are about as little able to describe its nature *as a whole*, as the stranger who pays it a passing visit. An entire lifetime spent in it leaves still much more to learn than is already learnt of it. Thus it is an enigma—a mystery even to those who have been born and bred in it.

This extraordinary indefiniteness of character of London—we speak of it in the most extended sense—arises from its immensely large size. Every time we visit it, its extent seems to be greater. Its hugeness grows upon a person. It expands on an acquaintance. Nobody is able to tell, even by measurement, where are the boundaries of London. It is utterly impossible to say where it begins or ends. Topographers describe it as measuring about eight miles in length by five or six in breadth, with three-fourths of its bulk lying on the northern side of the Thames. It would be more consistent with accuracy to say, that, lengthwise from east to west, along the course of the river, there is a continuous series of houses, streets, buildings of various descriptions, here and there interrupted with gardens or small open spaces, for a distance of at least twenty miles. According to our conceptions, the town begins at Greenwich and terminates at Richmond. Its extent from its northern to its southern verge is less definable. On entering the exterior, and several miles from the centre, neat small brick houses, detached from each other, in the villa style, first make their appearance; these are succeeded by clumps of the same kind of houses, forming "terraces" and "places;" next follow rows of dwellings on both sides of the way, so as to constitute streets; now we have a handsomely built set of almshouses, belonging most likely to some corporation; and then comes a thickly-peopled clump of street, with back lanes, and a flashy public-house, the rendezvous of some half-dozen stages and omnibuses. Lastly, we have the streets on and on without interruption; the foot passengers on the side are now more numerous, and every minute thicken as you proceed; stone pavements take the place of the rougher pathways; all is substantial bustle; and you know you are in London. Thus it is on any side of the metropolis: which was the first house as you entered, which the last on leaving, you cannot settle in your mind; the people in the houses do not know themselves.

It is this unmatched vastness of London that divests it of the usual characteristics of a town. It is clear that there can exist no general sympathy, or unity of feeling or purpose, in such a place. The people cannot possibly know each other, and from the nature of things they cannot care for each other. What do the inhabitants of the northern environs of the town know of those in the south, or those of the west care for those of the east? Nothing. They are all strangers to one another; they are all like different races or nations. True, every body knows somebody. Any given resident knows or is intimately acquainted with ten, twenty, or fifty families. But these acquaintances do not stay near each other. Two of them reside within the distance of a mile, or perhaps in the same row, or next row; another has a house

at Clapham, another at Brixton, a third at Stoke Newington; and the remainder are sprinkled all about the town, but miles asunder from each other. The consequence of this scatteredness of society, is, as we say, no unity of feeling or purpose. And, hence, there is no public opinion in London. Public opinion is a rational aggregation of sentiment on any topic requiring general consideration. It cannot therefore exist, where the whole or a large proportion of a given people cannot freely confer with each other, in order to exchange and mould their ideas into an uniform shape. To remedy this deficiency, there is the press. Newspapers are resorted to from pure necessity; without newspapers, the people would be kept in perfect ignorance of what is going on; consequently, every body must, by some arrangement or other, see a newspaper. But the newspapers are not the representatives of public opinion; they cannot represent what has no existence. They give the news which have been industriously scraped together by men whose trade consists in gathering public intelligence; and they give the opinion of one or more editors, who have got their opinions from other editors, or from some half dozen acquaintances, or club or coffee-house frequenters—that is all. The opinion of the London press is thus of limited value. It is not the aggregation of sentiment of a large intelligent community. It may be observed, that, for this reason, the London press, or even government, pays much more deference to the opinion of the provincial press, or of the public meetings in the provincial towns, than it does to what is said or done in the metropolis. There is something inexpressibly grand in the inhabitants of a town or district of country meeting for the purpose of declaring their opinion upon any subject whatever; because it is the utmost that can be done in the spirit of peace and constitutional freedom, and it is done with effect. It gives utterance to the voice of all. But *all* cannot meet in London—the thing is a physical impossibility. As a next best, the people of a particular ward or parish meet; but such exhibitions are very partial in their operation. Every thing in the town goes on as if no meeting were held, or ever had been held. One day, in passing along the Strand, a crowd of people were coming out of the doorway of a large edifice. "What has been going on?" I inquired of my friend, a gentleman whose place of business was in the neighbourhood. "I don't know," he replied; "perhaps it is a meeting on the slave question, perhaps about a petition to parliament, perhaps a church-meeting, and perhaps the assemblage of a Bible Society. I cannot tell, but you will see all about it in the paper to-morrow morning." I looked in the paper accordingly—it was the unrolling of a mummy. Such is London. Nobody, except newspaper writers, and sets of people who make it their business to find out meetings suitable to their tastes, ever knows what is going on.

The boundlessness of London, which is so unfavourable to the exercise of public opinion, is in a high degree favourable to the growth and expression of independent private opinion. There is no place in the whole civilised world which affords such perfect protection to private sentiment and independence of principle. In every small town there can exist only two sets of opinions—those of the majority and minority. You must belong to a party. You cannot possess your own individual opinion, or, at least, allow it to be known. The larger the town is, the shelter given to private opinion is the more complete; but in no town that ever we saw or heard of, is the protection so effectual as in London. There a man may possess any opinion he pleases, and take

no pains to conceal it. Nobody cares about him, or pays the smallest attention to him, unless he make himself very conspicuous indeed. In such a town as Edinburgh, for instance, it is very easy to crush and persecute, or, what answers the same end, buy up, an individual who maintains sentiments opposed to those of the two or three parties into which the community is divided. It is next to an impossibility to do this in London, because the place is so large that an individual escapes notice, or, if he be noticed, there start up hundreds of the same way of thinking to back him. In consequence of the absence of this kind of backing, there is a good deal of hypocrisy in every town of inferior dimensions; in other words, there is the opinion which flourishes before the world in open day, and the opinion which is secretly maintained or talked of considerately to friends across the table in private. When, therefore, we speak of the expression of public opinion on certain subjects in small communities, we must always allow a certain measure of discount for hypocrisy from what appears to be the general sentiment of the community—the measure proportionally enlarging as the community diminishes.

The engrossing attention to business, and ardent pursuit of wealth, which are observable in London, form another reason for there being little floating public opinion. Business is pursued in most provincial towns in a dawdling, trifling manner; sentiment is allowed to creep into it. It is not so in London. Business, there, is a solid matter of diligent and active pursuit. No one who has not dived into the sanctuaries of trade in London, can form any correct idea of the devotedness to business which affects the people. The shop or the counting-house is all the world to its keeper. Not an atom of thought can be spared for consideration of any of the great schemes of human improvement which are going forward. It is rare even to find a person who will sacrifice so much as a single hour to the public concerns of the spot in which he moves. For this reason, nearly all matters of local import in London are mismanaged. The people generally will not look after their municipal affairs. It is very difficult to bring them out, or make them attend meetings; consequently, every thing is jobbed, or conducted in an expensive way. Grumblings and denunciations ensue, but these are heard only of an evening after business is over, not in the day-time. It is no light matter that takes John Bull from his forenoon's occupation. He requires a vast deal of rousing to force him from behind his counter or his desk and ledgers.* The whole man is sunk, buried, entombed in business. To make money is "the great good," the object for which mankind were born and live. This is an aim not confined to mere men in business: it is a tendency ramified through the whole population. Money! how many thousands—or we may say millions—have killed body and soul to get money! Among the higher orders, it is as much an object of ceaseless worship as it is among those of an inferior rank; and if we descend to the lowest grade, we find the same restless and insatiable craving. The devouring keenness in seeking money which is thus exhibited, is at once ludicrous and revolting to the feelings. Among menials, the hand is ever ready to receive the expected coin; and all persons from whom civility in the course of duty is required, must not be defrauded of their regular gratuity. One night, on

* Since writing the above, the following observation has come under our notice:—"Men have little sympathy with each other in London, and rely not on mutual support. Their wrongs are not those of a community, which can be stimulated to resent them."—*Spectator newspaper*, May 13, 1837.

going to the theatre (it was the Adelphi), we could not procure a seat in the boxes except in a back row, from which little could be heard or seen. "Pooh, pooh!" said an acquaintance, "you don't understand the system; give the box-keeper a couple of shillings, and he will let you have a front seat at once." We followed the advice, and were accommodated accordingly. The man's hand was hung crooked up like a ladle at his side, ready for what might come. On feeling the pleasing drop of the shillings, his perceptions were cleared; he recollects that there *was* a seat still unoccupied. These are practices so common, that they have ceased to be remarked.

We have often thought that the London tradesman may be aptly compared to a squirrel at the scamper in a revolving cage. He is in a whirl. He cannot stop himself, except at the risk of tumbling. He must go on. The competition which surrounds him, his wants, his expenses, his wish to realise wealth for himself or family, with a view to retirement—all press upon him, and the result is a condition of incessant movement. Reflection is out of the question in such a state of things, and the pleasures of existence are narrowed into the smallest compass. To many thousands of men of business in London, hardly a moment is allowed for mental or bodily relaxation, but on Sundays. The Sabbath is the only period of repose.* In this large class of society, there are many who hardly ever see their families except on Sunday. We have been coolly told by persons so situated, that they have not seen their children for years at a time, except on this day of rest. They rise in the morning and leave home after their children have gone to school, and return in the evening after their children have gone to bed. In these cases all is left to the mother. Making an allowance for these being either rare or exaggerated instances, it is undeniable that the mode of life which consists of a perpetual round of laborious attentions and duties, is a warring against nature, a destroying of both the mental and physical constitution. It is certain that the money which is accumulated by such means, rarely affords the happiness which is expected from its possession—circumstance not to be wondered at, for the man who has spent some twenty or thirty years in scraping money together, and thought of nothing else, has not a mind prepared for the enjoyment of tranquillity, or the contemplation of the beauties and solacements of nature.

As a place of residence for persons in easy circumstances, London offers many temptations. Its first recommendation consists in the retirement it affords. Go to a country town, and you are observed, harassed with troublesome remarks; you are watched and talked about. Go to a pretty large town—a town of a hundred and fifty thousand population power—and you are still watched, still worried, though it be in degree; the people know you, and can tell a good deal about you. But go to London: there you plunge into the most perfect seclusion; you are less known or heard of than if you were to plant yourself on a desert island in the Pacific. You walk in the streets and public thoroughfares, but nobody sees you. During all the times we have been in London, we are not conscious of having been once looked at, even in the most casual manner, when out of doors. No one looks at or scrutinises another in the streets, or in any place of public meeting. You move every where, as if invisible. For these reasons, an individual or a family can live as suits their fancy; may remain unknown, or enter into society, whichever is most gratifying to their feelings. The next great recommendation is the boundless profusion and perfection in which every thing which is required can be obtained. We venture to say that there is no place in the habitable globe where he who possesses money can have every thing he desires in such perfection. The luxuries and comforts of the whole earth are at his feet. There is another point for his consideration—he need not be bothered with ill-done work. We have frequently had occasion to remark, that what is done in London is well done. Every process of business and amusement, no matter what, is cleverly managed. You see the best acting, the best driving, the best rowing, and the best playing at

any indoor or outdoor sport; you also hear the best preaching, see the best collections of works of art, hear the best language spoken, and are treated with the best order of politeness. In short, every thing is remarkably well managed. We never saw shopkeeping worth looking at except in London. The admirable address, the civility, the *devoted attention* shown to customers, is a treat to behold. It is, of course, all surface, but never mind that—one likes to be attended to when they are spending money. The ease with which you can get what you want, is another great recommendation. In even tolerably large towns, you frequently find it impossible to get a particular article without ordering it, and waiting for it. But in London, there is nothing which the heart can desire but may be obtained with only a very little trouble, either new or second hand, either at a high or low price. Passing along a back street, we saw a shop crammed with second-hand bottles, drawers, and other materials of a drug-shop. "What sort of a place is that?" said we to the friend who accompanied us. "That," replied he, "is a shop in which you could buy every article required to set up a laboratory, or chemist's establishment; you could have every thing complete in half an hour." Farther on, we observed a large sign-board, with the words conspicuously written upon—"Domestic servants of all descriptions wait here for employment from ten till five." These are things which surprise a stranger. He feels not more overwhelmed with the vastness, than by the fine ramifications and harmonious perfection, of the system.

SALT SPRINGS AND MINES.

In different parts of the world, at the distance of many hundred miles from the sea, there exist salt springs, the utility of which, in supplying an essential element of food to the inhabitants of inland districts, can scarcely be calculated. The salt found in these springs is simply a mineral impregnation. The water, in its course from the place where it entered the ground to the place whence it issues, encounters and passes over some of those beds of rock-salt which occur, amidst other deposits, in the sedimentary strata of the earth's crust, especially in the group of the old red sandstone. Contracting an infusion of salt from these beds, it proceeds to the surface, where man has only to subject it to vaporisation in order to realise the substance with which it is charged. People residing in the centre of some great continent, to whom salt would otherwise require to be carried from a distance, have thus all the advantage of a residence near the sea-coast, as far as the manufacture of salt is concerned.

Salt springs abound in the central parts of North America, particularly in Arkansas, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky, and also in Pennsylvania and New York; and, in all of these instances, they are taken advantage of for the manufacture of salt by the usual process of boiling and vaporising. In former times, the springs were called *Salt Licks*, from the vast herds of wild cattle which at certain seasons used to proceed thither to lick the water, or mud which was impregnated with saline properties. Near the northern sources of the Arkansas river, the salt springs, by diffusing themselves over the surface of the ground, are dried up in the lower parts of the plains by the heat of the sun, and form encrustations of considerable thickness and solidity. A traveller mentions that he has seen a block ten or twelve inches square, hewn out of an encrustation, and brought to the town of St Lewis; and that thousands of bushels may be gathered in a little time. The salt springs, or "salines," as they are locally termed, are powerful at Gallatin in Illinois. According to an account published in 1831, there are here nine furnaces, containing on an average sixty kettles, each holding from thirty-six to sixty gallons, and which make upwards of three thousand bushels of salt per week, averaging about 130,000 bushels per annum. The salt is sold, at the works, at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings a bushel of fifty pounds. About one-half of the salt manufactured here, is exchanged for corn, meal, flour, beef, pork, potatoes, and other articles of produce. At the Big Muddy Saline, also in Illinois, there is a spring rising through a well upwards of two hundred feet deep, and the fountain is so strong that it gushes six feet above the surface of the ground, and in quantity sufficient to supply pans for five furnaces.

Mines of hardened or rock-salt are dug and worked in different parts of Europe, particularly at Craeuw in

Poland, and in the western part of England. Dr. Buckland, in speaking of these mineralogical wonders, remarks, that "had not the benevolent providence of the Creator laid up these stores of salt within the bowels of the earth, the distance of inland countries from the sea would have rendered this article of prime and daily necessity unattainable to a large portion of mankind; but under the existing dispensation, the presence of mineral salt, in strata which are dispersed generally over the interior of our continents and large islands, is a source of health and daily enjoyment to the inhabitants of almost every region of the earth."

The English salt rocks or deposits exist both in a dry state for excavation by miners, and as the sources of saline springs. The most interesting account which we have seen of the mines, is given by Sir George Head, in his very entertaining and instructive "Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England, in 1835" (Murray, London). While at Northwich, he visited the Marston pit, which has been worked for a period of sixty years, and may be considered inexhaustible. "Having waited (says he) with my conductor a few minutes, till the engineer had put a little steam on, we both stepped into a round tub, and, standing upright, holding by the chains, were let down very easily. I cannot express the delight I felt at the scene around me, which surpassed any thing I had anticipated; creating those sensations I remember to have felt when first I read of the pyramids and catacombs of Egypt. Here was a magnificent chamber, apparently of unlimited extent, whose flat roof presented an area so great that one could not help being astonished at its not having long since given way. Yet there was no apparent want of security, it being sound and durable as if formed of adamant. Here and there pillars, in size like a clamp of bridles in a brick-field, tendered their support, presenting to the view an array of objects that broke the vacancy of uniform space. My idea of the extent was, as if an area, equal to the site of Grosvenor Square, were under cover. In the meantime, the glistening particles of crystal salt on the walls, and the extreme regularity of the concentric curved lines, traced by the tools of the workmen, were very remarkable. Occasionally the mark of the jumper-chisel was observable when recourse had been had to blasting the solid rock. I made a few blows against the side of the mine, with one of the heavy pointed pickaxes in ordinary use, and found it as hard as freestone. Underfoot the whole surface was a mass of rock-salt, covered with a thick layer of the material, crushed and crumbled to a state that exactly resembled the powdered ice on a peal that has been cut up by skaters."

Experiments have been made by boring to a depth of seventeen yards, but they have neither perforated the rock-salt, nor do they at present know the thickness of the stratum. The height of this excavation about fifteen feet, within which space the salt is estimated as being of the best quality. Above it is something inferior. I was informed that thirty-five thousand tons of salt were annually dug out of the different levels, and that the area of the whole together amounted to forty-eight statute acres. A considerable quantity of this salt is exported to Prussia.

At one part there is a vista of two hundred yards in length, which has been dignified with the name of Regent Street. Here occasionally pic-nic parties are celebrated; and on a large table of coarse deal boards, were the evidences of deeds of wassail, performed at feasts of this description, which had taken place a few months before. An empty jug and sprig or two of evergreen lay forlorn and neglected, while I observed natural tokens, indisputable and abundant, of mice that had joined in the revelry. These little animals invariably establish their residence under ground, wherever men lead the way. At the coal-pits at Whitehaven, for instance, they are plentiful at a depth of one hundred and forty fathoms, being brought there originally, probably in bundles of horse provender. Were it possible, within this mine, to provide against the inconvenience of smoke, there not being any efficacious outlet for its egress, I cannot conceive a place better calculated, with proper appendages and decorations, to give effect to a *fête* on a magnificent scale. As it is, and as regards light and smoke, people must be content with a choice, either to have too much of the one, or too little of the other.

Every one who descends this pit ought to bring a good Bengal light, instead of the preparation vended by the learned chemist of Northwich. This is a yellow powder, a quantity of which being placed on the ground, and ignited by a piece of lighted paper, engendered for a few seconds a tantalising glare, which sank exhausted before it was possible to take an adequate survey of the objects around. For ordinary purposes, we had recourse to common tallow candles.

Having wandered a long way, through vast space, but almost in darkness, we came again to the foot of the shaft. Previous to ascending, my guide went a little out of the way, in order to carry a pail of water to an old horse, who, as the workmen were absent for the whole day, was standing by himself in perfect solitude, and till we came, without any light at all. Alone and in darkness, he must, poor fellow, from necessity, live for many hours in the year, and pass thus neglected a very considerable portion of his time. He loudly expressed his gratitude for the water, and I took an opportunity of examining his condition while he was drinking. I was surprised to find it partic-

* Talking of Sunday, we feel bound to remark, that, as far as external appearances go, the Sabbath is much better kept in London than in most large towns. Perhaps there is not so much church-going as in Edinburgh, for instance, but there is a great deal more general decency of behaviour, a circumstance obviously arising from there being less spirit-drinking. In all our perambulations in the outskirts of London of a Sunday, we never saw such scenes of drunkenness and vice as we have noticed in the environs of Edinburgh.

lary good; unlike the flaccid, though fine-coated state of horses in coal-pits, his was that of a firm crest and perfect health; a fact I attribute especially to the salubrious effects of the salt. His stall was comfortable and dry, as was the whole space below contained in this pit. I saw no appearance whatever of water during the whole time I was below.

The salt, after being prepared by the solution of the rock, and evaporation, is formed by wooden moulds, with holes at the bottom, to allow the remaining water to pass through, into cubical blocks, and in this state shipped, either by the river Weaver and canal to Weston Point, and thence into the Mersey, or by the canal southward.

A considerable quantity is prepared from the brine springs, some of which are so strongly saturated, as to hold in solution the greatest possible quantity of salt. To the water of some of these springs, rock-salt is added while boiling in the pans. From these springs the water, or brine, is raised by a shaft sunk, and a pump worked by an ordinary steam-engine.

STORIES OF STYLES OF LIVING.

LIVING WITHIN THE MEANS.

[The present article, and two which will succeed it in future numbers, compose, with a few alterations, the whole of a small volume of unpretending appearance, and of anonymous authorship, lately published at Boston, United States, and which has there gone through seven editions. We have been as much pleased with the production, as a contribution to good morals, virtuous habits, and domestic and social comfort—in which respects it reminds us of some of the early popular works of Miss Edgeworth—as to feel satisfied that we should be doing a duty to our readers and a benefit to society, by its republication in our pages.]

"And so, Frank, you are really going to be married?" asked uncle Joshua. "I really am, sir," replied Frank. "And live on broth?" "Yes, sir; and if I cannot afford that, on water-gruel." "And pray, have you persuaded Jane to starve with you?"

"I have persuaded her, sir, that we can be happy on the bare necessities of life; and those my industry will always procure us." "How do you know that you will always have health to labour in your profession?"

"I certainly do not; it would be presumption in me to speak securely on that subject." "Yet you are going to act as if this were a certainty." "And it is wrong, my dear sir, that I should? I have health and strength—these, to me, are positive wealth. I possess them now, and I must make the most of them. If the uncertainty of our possessions is to paralyse our exertions, those who have money are nearly as bad off as those who have not. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away—they are at the mercy of fire and water. Uncertainty is written upon all things. I believe my prospects are as stable as most people's." "Let me hear what they are." "In the first place, sir, I have health; in the next, activity; and then, my profession is a pretty sure one. A physician will always find patients, if he is attentive and skilful; and I mean to be both. However, I confess that our greatest security for a living will consist in our moderate desires and simple habits. You know, sir, Jane has no passion for fine dress, and in short—"

"In short, Frank, you are determined to be married, and there is an end of all argument." "I only wait for your consent, sir." "You know very well that mine will follow Jane's;—and she is willing to live with you on the bare necessities of life?" Jane only answered by an assenting smile.

"Very well, I give up; one thing, however, let me tell you—beyond bread and water, a shelter for one's head, a bag of straw to sleep on, and covering and fuel to guard us from the inclemencies of the weather, there are no positive necessities; all the rest are comparative."

Jane had hitherto sat very quietly at her work, but she now laid it in her lap, and looked up with an air of astonishment. "You do not agree with me, I perceive," said uncle Joshua; "tell me, then, what you think are the necessities of life." "I confess, sir," said Jane, a little contemptuously, "when I agreed with Frank that we could live on the necessities of life, I did not mean like the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air; but, graduating our ideas to what is around us, I am sure we shall ask for nothing more than the necessities of life;—the luxuries," added she, with a pretty sentimental air, "we will draw from our own hearts." "And I," said Frank, looking enviously at her eloquence, "shall be the happiest of men." "Graduating our ideas to what is around us!" exclaimed uncle Joshua. "Ah, there it is; you could live on broth, or water-gruel, if every body else did; but the fact is, that nobody does; and so you, like the rest of the world, will live a little beyond your means." "No, sir," said the young people, eagerly; "we are determined to make it a rule never to exceed our means." "As long as you keep to that rule, you are safe;—you do not know what it is to be beset by temptations. But I have done; advice is of little value, where we have nothing else to give—and that is pretty much my case; but a bachelor's wants are few." "Yes, dear uncle," said Jane, smiling, "he wants nothing but the necessities of life; an elbow-chair, a good fire, and a cigar half a dozen times a day; and long, long," added she, affectionately embracing him, "may you enjoy them, and give to us what is of far more value than money—your affection; and on every other subject, your advice."

In one fortnight from this conversation, Frank and Jane were man and wife. Perhaps a more united, or a more rational pair, had seldom pronounced the marriage vow. They began with the wise purpose of incurring no debts, and took a small house at a cheap rate, in an obscure but populous part of the city.

Most young physicians begin life with some degree of patronage, but Frank had none; he came to the city a stranger, from the wilds of Vermont, fell in love with Jane Churchwood—uncle Joshua's niece—a man whom nobody knew, and whose independence consisted in limiting his wants to his means. What little he could do for Jane, he cheerfully did. But after all necessary expenses were paid, the young people had but just enough between them to secure their first quarter's rent, and place a sign on the corner of the house, with "Doctor Fulton" handsomely inscribed upon it. The sign seemed to excite but little attention—as nobody called to see the owner of it, though he was at home every hour in the day.

After a week of patient expectation, which could not be said to pass heavily—for they worked, read, and talked together—Frank thought it best to add to the sign, "Practises for the poor gratis." At the end of a few days another clause was added—"Furnishes medicines to those who cannot pay for them."

In a very short time, the passers by stopped to spell out the words, and Frank soon began to reap the benefit of this addition. Various applications were made; and though they did not as yet promise any increase of revenue, he was willing to pay for the first stepping-stone. What had begun, however, from true New England calculation, was continued from benevolence. He was introduced to scenes of misery that made him forget all but the desire of relieving the wretchedness he witnessed; and when he related to his young and tender-hearted wife the situation in which he found a mother confined to her bed, with two or three helpless children crying around her for bread, Jane would put on her straw bonnet, and follow him with a light step to the dreary abode. The first quarter's board came round; it was paid, and left them nearly penniless. There is something in benevolent purpose, as well as in industry, that cheers and supports the mind. Never was Jane's step lighter, nor her smile gayer, than at present. But this could not last; the next quarter's rent must be provided—and how? Still the work of mercy went on, and did not grow slack. One day, taking a small supply of provisions with them, they went to visit a poor sick woman. After ascending a crooked flight of stairs, they entered the forlorn apartment, where lay the sick mother, while the hungry, squalid children were gathered round the ashes upon the hearth. But an object attracted their attention, that might be said to afford all the picturesque relief which a painter would require in such a scene. By the side of the bed sat a lady in the prime of life, redolent with health and beauty, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. After gazing with some surprise at the new comers, she bent over the sufferer, sweeping her bird-of-paradise feathers in the sick woman's face, and inquired "who they were." In the mean time the children gathered round Jane, and, with a true animal instinct, began to seem the provision that the basket contained. It was with difficulty she could restrain their eager appetites. The lady looked on with wonder, and inhaled the odour of the vinaigrette attached to her watch-chain.

"I hope there is nothing infectious," said she, in a low voice to the doctor. He assured her there was not. "She has been," said he, "too weak to work for several months, and is reduced to this state as much by the want of nourishing food, as disease." "Good heavens," said the lady, putting her embroidered pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, "why did she not go to the almshouse!" The woman's lips moved, but no sound was articulated.

"There is a very foolish prejudice against this institution," said Mrs Hart—which was the name of the lady. "I have known many people that had rather be good than go there." "It is foolish," said the doctor, "if that is the case; but as long as people can earn a living without applying to the town for support, we must command them for their exertions."

"I am very sorry," replied she, "that Martha did not let me know her situation before; I certainly would have done all I could to relieve her."

"Then you know her, madam," said Jane, for the first time speaking to the lady. "Yes; that is, she has washed in my kitchen for some weeks." "Months," said Martha, with exertion. "She sent to me," continued the lady, "a few days ago, and I ordered my coachman, this morning, to find out where she lived, and I have ventured here, notwithstanding my weak nerves and delicate health."

"How good of you, madam!" said Jane, who was evidently impressed by the apparent rank of the lady: "Mrs Barber is very destitute." "So I perceive; but I rejoice she has found friends in you, able and willing to assist her." "We are more willing than able," said Jane, meekly. "That is precisely my case," replied Mrs Hart. Jane glanced at her costly apparel.

"We who are called rich," said Mrs Hart, "have constant claims; but I will assist you in aiding poor Martha;" and she drew from her reticule a splendid crimson purse, and drawing back the gold rings, placed in the woman's emaciated hand a small sum. Strange as it may seem, the woman discovered no gratitude,

but rather made a rejecting motion. "She is too sick, madam," said Jane, springing forward, "to thank you as she would; but if you will trust me, I will see that your bounty is properly applied to the wants of the family; they are suffering for almost every thing."

"Certainly," replied the lady; "and I should esteem it a kindness, if you or Dr Fulton would do me the favour to let me know how Martha goes on; my health does not often permit such exertions as these."

Jane, who had been maturing a little plan in her own mind, for the benefit of the children, promised her she would call in a few days; and Frank, with a native politeness that quite won Mrs Hart, saw her not only to the bottom of the crooked stairs, but to her carriage, where her footman stood, holding the door in waiting for his lady.

"How happy," said Jane, when they returned home, "must Mrs Hart be; so benevolent and so rich!" "How do you know, my dear, she is so rich?" said her husband. "Why, did not you observe how costly her dress was?"

"That is no proof," said Frank; "you know she said, like us, she was more willing than able." "But you know her situation must be very different from ours; why, her pelisse cost more than all my gowns put together, I will answer for it."

"If she spends so much upon her pelisse," said Frank, laughing, "I am afraid she has but little left to give away." "That is by no means a candid conclusion," said Jane, assuming her sentimental air; "on the contrary, when we see a person richly dressed, it is but just to suppose they are wealthy."

"It would be so, if every thing was governed by justice and right reason, and we were not continually drawing false inferences from appearances. You know, Mrs Hart said she was very glad Martha had found friends 'able and willing to assist her'; perhaps she thought we were very rich." "Oh, I am sure she could not," said Jane, with some vexation, "if she looked at my old straw bonnet and calico gown." "Well, dear," replied Frank, affectionately, "I suppose she did not; she only looked at your bright blue eyes, and saw you feeding the hungry."

In a few days, things wore a more comfortable appearance at Martha's. The lady's bounty was well applied. Fuel and food were provided; but still the children were too destitute of clothing to attend any of the schools.

Jane's plan, that we have before alluded to, was fast approaching maturity. She determined to solicit aid for clothing the children; but a feeling of delicacy led her to delay it, in hopes she might be able to give a respectable sum herself. In the mean time, Dr Fulton pursued his course with persevering industry. Martha's return from what her own class styled *death's door*, gave him celebrity with them; but a new case, more convincing, soon occurred. He was called to a man who was dying. He hastened to the place, and found the too frequent companions of the poor—superstition and ignorance. The sick man was stretched on his bed of straw, his family huddled round him, groaning, sobbing and crying aloud, the room crowded by people drawn there from curiosity;—for, strange as it may seem, there are those, who, much as they dread the agonies of death for themselves, are eager to witness them in others. The doctor's first care was to clear and ventilate the room, and then to administer such restoratives as he thought judicious. The consequence was, that the man began to draw a longer breath, and, in the course of a few days, was spoken of as cured by Dr Fulton, after every body had given him over!

Frank had now no want of employment from the poor; but, by degrees, those who could afford to pay began to apply; and at length a carriage, but little inferior in elegance to Mrs Hart's, stopped at his lodgings. Jane's heart fluttered as she heard Mr Harrington's name announced, for she knew he was one of the wealthiest of the city. His visit was that of a *hypochondriac*, who, after trying various physicians and various systems, had heard of the fame of Dr Fulton, of his wonderful success, and came hoping to get aid for himself.

Perhaps there never was a fairer chance for quackery; but Dr Fulton, to do him justice, had no tact for such little arts. He frankly told him that his restoration depended much more on himself than on a physician, suggested modes of exercise, of diet, cheerful society, and relaxation from business and care; and when the gentleman insisted on the doctor's success in curing desperate cases, he assured him that his most powerful agents among the poor had been what they could command without his aid—temperance and cleanliness. Mr Harrington was struck with the doctor's honesty and good sense, and felt moved by the apparent poverty of his and his young wife's situation. At parting he did not confide himself to a regular fee, but said, "As you practise gratis for the poor, it is but just that the rich should pay you double." He requested Frank to visit him daily; and this he continued to do; and, as he had leisure to make long calls and engage him in cheerful conversation, Mr Harrington rapidly improved under the best of all systems for a *hypochondriac*.

Thus far we have followed our young couple in their struggle for a living. Not a debt, hitherto, had been incurred; and besides time and medicines, they had always found something to give. But as their pecuniary prospect brightens, our walks must enlarge. Dr Fulton was daily working his way into the more enlightened orders of society. His day-book and ledger began to be necessary, and the gentle-hearted Jane was no longer obliged to beg a pittance for the poor.

We must now make an excursion to another part of the city. In a splendid apartment, ornamented with mirrors and girandoles, whose diamond-cut drops reflected the colours of the rainbow, hung round with paintings and curtained with damask, in an elegant morning dress, on a cushioned divan, sat Mrs Hart. Twice she rang the bell, and twice a footman made his appearance.

"Have not the shawls come yet?" both times she inquired. "No, Madam." "Are you sure you made no mistake?" "Yes, Madam." "Give me my cologne bottle; not that, the porcelain;" and she poured the perfume over her handkerchief. "So provoking!"

At that moment a man was ushered into the room, with a box under his arm. The footman was ordered out, and the treasures of the box displayed. There were camel-hair shawls of different prices, from one hundred to three hundred dollars. The first were thrown scornfully aside. One for two hundred was elegant. It was, however, too dear; she could not afford it—but she must have some kind of a shawl;—she was *suffering* for one. The man assured her she never would repent taking one of them, and she began to think so herself. At length she decided to keep the one for two hundred, if there was no hurry for payment. “Not the least,” the man assured her; “but perhaps she had better look at another he had.” Another was displayed; but the cost of it was three hundred dollars. “It was elegant—it was superb,” but it was wholly out of her power to buy it; “and yet, really, the one she had selected looked positively ordinary by the side of it;” and she cast a glance of indignation towards the two hundred dollar shawl. The man urged the merits of the three hundred dollar one, and at length threw it over her shoulders. It hung gracefully to the hem of her garment. She surveyed herself before, turned, and, with her head over her shoulder, surveyed herself behind; she wrapped it round, and she flung it open; she disposed it over one arm in folds. This last effect was irresistible—it was truly Grecian drapery—it decided the matter. “Very well,” said she, “the shawl is mine. I must have one; and I suppose, in the end, this will be as cheap as any.”

At that moment Mrs Fulton was announced. The man was hurried out, and the shawl thrown gracefully over the arm of the sofa. “My dear Mrs Fulton,” said the lady, “I have been expecting you to call and see me; I remembered your promise.”

Jane was delighted with her reception, and proceeded at once to mention her plan. It was to get up a subscription to supply clothing as well as schooling for a certain number of poor children, including Martha’s.

“I thought Martha was able to work by this time,” said the lady. “She is still very feeble, and can barely procure food for herself and children. I thought perhaps you would approve of my plan. I would not set it going till I was able to contribute my part by money, as well as time. My husband has been successful beyond his expectations, and I have now a feeling of independence in asking.”

“How benevolent you are, my dear Mrs Fulton! Would to Heaven I had the means of being equally so! but my time is wholly engrossed, and the claims upon my purse are constant. Perhaps none are so heavily taxed as the rich, or have less right to be called affluent. I declare to you,” said she, drawing forth her elegant crimson silk purse, and holding it suspended on her jewelled finger, “I cannot command a farthing; you see how empty it is. But I approve your plan. Perhaps you will be so kind as to advance the same sum for me that you pay for yourself. We will settle it when we next meet.”

Jane cheerfully assented, and took her leave; and Mrs Hart, with her three hundred dollar shawl, became the debtor of Jane.

“How strange it is,” said Mrs Fulton, as she related the circumstance to her husband, “that, in the midst of such luxury, she had not five dollars to give in charity, for that was all I wanted!” “You do not understand this thing, my dear Jane,” said Frank, smiling; “it seems to you incredible that Mrs Hart can be poor. I will demonstrate the matter to you. You admit that we are rich now, compared to what we were two months ago. We have our next quarter’s rent secure—are able to buy books, and have something left to give away. But if I were to make expensive purchases that would consume nearly all we have accumulated, and you took it in your head you would have a pelisse as costly as Mrs Hart’s, then you would be as poor as she was to-day, and could not afford to give any thing away, instead of becoming her creditor.”

“According to your definition,” said Jane, “those who live within their means are the only wealthy people.” “They certainly are to all the purposes of present comfort; and so you must be thankful that you have married a man who has found out the philosopher’s stone.” “Better than that,” said Jane, “who has the art of being rich with a *very little* money.”

The next day Jane went to see Mrs Barber, and propose to her plan of clothing the children, and providing a school for them. The woman expressed her gratitude, and Jane thought it but just to mention her benefactors. When she named Mrs Hart among them, Mrs Barber said, “Indeed, madam, I do not ask her to give me any thing, if she will only pay me what is justly my due.” Jane now learned, with astonishment, that the poor woman had washed “in her kitchen” for nearly a year, without being able to obtain payment.

“It was for that, madam, I sent to entreat her to come and see me, hoping she might be moved by my distress; and she did, you know, pay me a small sum. I have credited her for that; but it is a small part of what she owes me.” “I hope,” said Jane, after a long pause, in which her countenance discovered the workings of her mind, “I hope there are few such instances as this.” “I never met with such a one, not exactly,” added she hesitatingly; “but, indeed, madam, the rich little consider how important our wages for a day’s work are to us. It would be bad manners in us to insist upon being paid immediately; and yet many’s the time when I have depended upon one day’s wages for my children’s food for the next.” “It must be such a trifling to the rich, that if you only let them know you are going away, they will pay you.” “It is because it is such a trifling to them I suppose,” said the woman, “that they cannot understand how important it is to us. Some how or other, rich ladies never have any thing they call *change*, and they are very apt to say, ‘they will remember it,’ and ‘another time will do as well,’ and so it is as well for them, but not for us.”

Mrs Barber’s heart seemed to be quite opened by Jane’s sympathy, and she went on. “Indeed, ma’am, I sometimes think there is more kindness towards the poor than there is justice. The ladies are very good in getting up

societies and fairs to help us, but they very often seem unwilling to pay us the full price of our labour. If they would *pay* us well, and *give* us less, it would be better for us.” “Perhaps you are right,” said Jane, “about paying by fairs!” “Yes, ma’am; good has been done to some, and injury to others. I know of a poor woman who was born a lady, and who was reduced in her circumstances. Her health was very feeble, but still she was able to earn a living by making those curious little things they sell at fairs; but since the ladies have taken to making them, it is hard times with her; for she says the market is overrun.” “The right way,” said Jane, “would be to employ these people to work for others, and instead of the ladies making pin-cushions and emery-bags, to buy them ready made, and sell them again. Then charity would operate equally among the poor; for what one class could not make, another could, and labour would be exchanged.”

“I don’t know how it ought to be settled. Perhaps it is all right as it is; but we poor folks think we have our wrongs. For instance, ma’am, I sometimes do washing for people at boarding-houses. They will appoint me to come about nine o’clock in the morning to get their clothes. When I go, very likely they are not up. Then I must wait till they are—sometimes an hour or more. All this is lost time to me; and time, to daily labourers, is money. My husband was a carpenter; and he used to say, that he gave the rich a great deal more than he got from them, for he gave them *time*. One fine lady and another would send for him, and ask him if he could not put a shelf up here, or make a closet there; and after he had measured and calculated, perhaps they would come to the conclusion not to have any done, and had his trouble for his pains.”

“All the wrongs you have mentioned,” said Jane, “seem to arise from want of consideration, not want of benevolence.”

“That’s pretty much what I said, ma’am, at first—that now-a-days there was more kindness to the poor than justice. If I was paid for all the time I have wasted in waiting upon the rich, sometimes for clothes, sometimes for *pay*—for I often have to go two or three times before I can find a lady at home—I should be better off than I am now. To be sure, it is but small sums that are due to us; but my husband used to say these ought to be paid right away, because they don’t go upon interest like larger ones.”

“How true was your remark,” said Jane, when she related the poor woman’s conversation to her husband, “that if Mrs Hart spent so much upon her pelisse, she probably had little to give away! I am sure I never shall see a very costly dress again, that I shall not think of poor Martha.”

Dr Fulton’s business increased with his reputation, and his reputation with his business. Now, indeed, our young couple felt happy. There is something in *home* that gives dignity to life. The man who can say *my home and my family*, and who has a pride in them, possesses the strongest influence that can operate on character.

As a mother, Jane was exemplary in her duties; and, as the number of her children increased, she might be truly said to share the laborious toil of the family. At first she had but one female domestic, and then Mrs Barber’s little daughter was occasionally called in. Many a weary day and night did Jane cheerfully go through—sometimes she had to watch by a sick child till the morning dawn, and then came washing-day, and she must hold her infant in her arms till night came round again. The comforts of life gradually increased, though they did not lose sight of the principle with which they set out, of living within their means. The close of every year left them a small overplus, which was scrupulously invested as capital.

We fear there are few who sincerely repeat, “Give me neither poverty nor riches.” This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blest with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend; with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his care—it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessing of an amiable disposition;—what is it but the serenity of a mind at peace with itself—a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another’s? They sometimes made a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself.

It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr Fulton’s life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were *home* pleasures—the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions, and generous emotions; but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. No one could appreciate the amiable qualities of Dr Fulton more highly than *poor* rich Mr Harrington, who had been laughed at by his enemies, scolded by his friends, blistered by one physician, dieted by a second, and steamed by a third, till he was an epitome of human hypochondriacism. Frank soon saw that his case was an incurable one, and sought only to soothe and alleviate his sufferings. Perhaps Mr Harrington learned to appreciate some of the blessings of his own affluence, by witnessing the exertions that Frank and Jane were obliged to make. At any rate, he entertained much respect and regard for them, and was often heard to say there was more happiness in their “little bird’s nest,” than in a palace. At length, worn out by

nervous disease, his emaciated frame found its refuge in mother earth, and he quietly slept with his fathers. After his death, it was found that he had bequeathed to Dr and Mrs Fulton, “as a mark of his regard, five thousand dollars.” This sum was immediately invested as capital, and both resolutely declared that they would consider the principal a sacred deposit, and not encroach upon it.

We have alluded to the increase of their family. The “little bird’s nest” had become quite too small for the number of its inhabitants. Before Mr Harrington’s legacy, they had determined to take another house. Perhaps the bequest might influence them in getting one in a more agreeable part of the city, though they only gave as reason, the health and advantage of their children.

FACETIE CONNECTED WITH SCOTTISH JAILS.

A STORY is told that, on one occasion, a criminal confined in the jail at Hamilton threatened the magistrates of the town, that unless they gave him something better than porridge for his breakfast, he should certainly come out! This is quite of a piece with a number of circumstances mentioned by Mr Hill in his Second Report on the state of Scottish Prisons. A number of the jails are so insecure, and the discipline so lax, that in many places the inmates do just as they like, staying in or going out for an airing, as suits their fancy.

At Lerwick, the chief town in the Shetland islands, things have been going on in rather a curious way. Mr Hill receives the following information from the chief magistrate:—“About a year ago, this gentleman proposed to a fellow-magistrate and some other friends to go and visit the prison, that they might have an opportunity of judging of the accuracy of his statements as to what was going on; and before setting out, he told them that in all probability they should meet some of the prisoners before reaching the jail; for that he and others had often met a particular prisoner, whom he mentioned, and who had lately been under sentence of imprisonment for horse-stealing. No prisoner, however, appeared until they reached the stairs (which are open to the street), when they met a woman who was under sentence of imprisonment for child-murder; and on asking her what she did there, she said that some of the neighbours were in her cell *washing clothes*! They then asked her where the other prisoner, debtor, was; and she replied by unbolting the door of his cell, and showing them in. Another time the magistrate who gave me this information met a boy on the prison-stairs carrying away a basket of empty bottles; and this circumstance leading to a little inquiry, he found that one of the prisoners, a debtor, was in the habit of buying a quantity of ale, and retailing it out to a set of worthies who came to play at cards and make merry in his cell; and the boy, who was laden with bottles, was going to the wholesale dealer for a fresh supply.”

Carrying on business in a small way as an ale-dealer in jail, is pretty well, but not so amusing as the practical jocularity of the prisoners at Dingwall, the chief town of Ross-shire. “A gentleman whom I met (says Mr Hill) told me, that happening to be at that town on the market-day, and standing at the window of the inn opposite the jail, he was amazed to see a large fish apparently running up the wall of the prison. The fish having reached one of the upper windows, disappeared, and it then occurred to the astonished spectator that the fish owed its ascent to the assistance of the inmates of the prison, and to no climbing power of its own; and in this view he was confirmed by the sight of a cord, with a hook at the end, which he soon saw descending from the prison window. A boy, who was stationed below, took hold of the hook when it got within reach, and watching his opportunity, when a fishwoman was looking another way, fastened it in the gills of one of her fish, which instantly rose into the air.” It is also mentioned, that from this jail “prisoners were allowed to go to supper parties! and this with the key of the prison in their pockets, in order that they might return without disturbing the jailor!”

One should not be surprised at these instances of amiable considerateness for the feelings of debtors and criminals, for, like the impudent dog who threatened he would take his leave of Hamilton jail if they did not give him better breakfasts, these gentlemen would in many instances contrive to march off altogether, if they were not indulged with a little free and easy recreation out of doors. In some Scottish towns, nothing terrifies the magistracy so much as the circumstance of a debtor or criminal being committed to their charge. If a debtor, they foresee his escape, and, consequently, the melancholy duty of satisfying the creditor for the amount of his debt; if a criminal, they are afraid of his dying in their hands, his escaping, or their being accused of over harsh treatment. The tricks which are sometimes played upon the poor civic authorities are too distressing to be laughable. Not long ago, the bailiffs of Crail, an old-fashioned town in Fife, were thrown into rather a

neer dilemma, by receiving information that a plan was hatching to plunder the burgh funds. The scheme was neither more nor less than that of an ill-wisher of the magistrates, who had been heard to declare that he should put a man who was in debt to him into prison, in hopes that he would escape, which would give him a claim on the town for the amount of the debt. Additional bars for the prison windows were instantly ordered, "and nothing more (says Mr Hill) has been heard of the threatened imprisonment." We are glad of it.

The magistrates of Fortrose have been less fortunate. An instance of the escape of a debtor from the very insecure jail of this town happened two years ago; the amount of his debt was thirty-five pounds, and this sum the magistrates had to raise and pay to the creditor. "A similar instance of escape (adds Mr Hill) followed by similar consequences, took place some time before; and although debtors are now confined in the cell for criminals, which is less insecure than that which they formerly occupied, it would still be no bad speculation (and for aught I know such a scheme has already been devised and acted upon) for two swindlers to get up a fictitious case of debt, and one of them to agree to go into the prison of Fortrose, in the expectation of making his escape, and thereby compelling the magistrates to pay the amount of the debt to his accomplice."

Bad as this Fortrose case was—we mean the thirty-five pound case—it was a mere nothing, in comparison to the great Dingwall case now to be mentioned:—"Before the prison (in which the trick with the fish took place) was ordered to be disused, escapes were of common occurrence; and for two instances of escape of debtors (one real, and one held to be equal to an escape in the eye of the law) the town of Dingwall had to pay nearly eight hundred pounds, namely, the amount of the debts for which the prisoners were confined. In the latter case the debtor had not left the jail, and had not even attempted to do so, but the jailor had allowed him to attend a public meeting, which was held in the court-room adjoining his cell; and this fact coming to the knowledge of the creditor, the magistrates were immediately threatened with an action for the amount of the debt, and they were obliged to pay the money, although the prisoner was in safe custody, and although the creditor would not have suffered even if he had escaped, as there did not appear to be the remotest chance of the prisoner ever being able to pay the debt." We should like much to know how matters are now going on with the Dingwallians.

A certain small town in Perthshire, the name of which we purposely avoid quoting, is at present in an awkward predicament, in regard to its prison. Its jail or lock-up-house is, it seems, a lock-up-house no longer. To be sure, prisoners may be locked up in it, but they have established a regular outlet by a hole in the roof, so that incarcerating them is little better than putting birds with wings into a walled park. According to the account given by Mr Hill, "There was an instance of escape about three months ago. It was on the part of two men, both notorious criminals, against whom there were three separate charges of house-breaking. The whole population turned out in pursuit of them, but they got among the hills and evaded the chase. Three months before this, there was another escape, though not of the same importance; for on that occasion only one man got away, and he was under a charge of assault. The usual mode of escape is to get through the ceiling into a kind of loft, out of which a person can easily force his way. Nothing has been done to render the place more secure since the last escape took place, or even to make good that part of the ceiling through which the prisoners forced their way; the very hole remaining, as if to invite others to follow their example. It has, however, been determined to keep guard through the night (so long as the prison remains in its present state) whenever any one is in confinement under a serious charge. This precaution indeed is rendered necessary, not only by the insecure condition of the jail, but by the state of the keeper also, who is so infirm and unwieldy, partly from age, and partly, I believe, from the free use of the bottle, that a prisoner need be under little apprehension of his ever coping with him in an attempt to force his way out, or of ever catching him if he once got an inch beyond his grasp. The coating of dirt, too, in which the keeper appears to think it necessary to envelop himself, would be found no inconsiderable addition to his burden, and would give the prisoner an undue advantage in the race."

In whatever town Mr Hill made his inquiries, he uniformly found that the jails were inadequate for the purpose of confining, and at the same time improving the character of, criminals; and so bad is the whole penal system, that when an offender is once incarcerated, he or she is almost certain to go on in a career of crime. Every town appears to be plagued with a certain number of these jail-cultivated *ne'er-do-wells*, who, if removed from the place, or altered for the better by a course of discipline, would leave society at peace. How strange that an enormously expensive establishment of judges, courts, law, police, and magisterial functionaries, should be maintained, all to keep in order a few wretches in every town, who, if placed in benefiting penitentiaries on the commission of the first offence, would very soon cease to exist as a class. What must we think of the social arrangements which can permit the following really laughable absurdity?

"My informant (says Mr Hill) has passed all his life at Inverness. He says that he has the same set of offenders over and over again through his hands; and he particularly mentioned one woman who has been of infamous character for eighteen years, and who, he feels sure, has been a prisoner in the police cell at least one thousand times, chiefly for acts of violence, such as breaking windows, &c., committed when drunk. It was on the 28th of September that I was questioning him on these matters, and this woman had already been in prison seventeen times in that month. It appears that the town has twice attempted to get rid of her by paying her passage to a distant place, and that the good citizens of London and Glasgow have, in turn, been honoured with the company of this hopeful emigrant; but, after a time, she has always returned to her old quarters."

We shall return to this subject shortly, and in a more grave humour.

LAST CENTURY ECCENTRICITIES.

PAUL OF RUSSIA.

THE Empress Catherine of Russia, as was mentioned in a former article, was succeeded at her death in 1796 by her only son Paul, a personage whose memoirs present the remarkable circumstance of a madman or lunatic ruling over one of the greatest empires in the world.

Catherine at all times displayed an extraordinary hatred of her son Paul. At all her fetes the grand duke was never present, he being kept by his jealous mother in absolute retirement. For many years, her aversion for her son had been increasing. The cause of this inveterate hatred has been differently assigned. Detestation for the memory of his father, Peter III., jealousy of the son whose throne she had usurped (for, on the murder of his father, Paul was the legitimate successor, and in reality his name had been used in the revolution of 1762), or repugnance at the temper and habits of the Czarovich; one or all of these may have been motives for her alienation. But with regard to the disposition and pursuits of Paul, they are greatly to be attributed to her own cruel conduct. In early life the grand duke had given the most flattering promises of future excellence, but his very virtues were crimes in the eyes of his mother, since they rendered her usurpation the more detestable and less necessary. It thus became part of her policy to keep his mind uncultivated, and when the failings to which his want of education exposed him were repeated and exaggerated at court, Catherine was gratified that the stability of her rule could not be affected from such a quarter.

As Paul was the last scion of the stock of Peter the Great, it was an object of anxious solicitude with Catherine and the whole nation to get him speedily married. The empress chose for him a wife as usual from the princesses who swarm in the petty states of Germany, and whose poverty and insignificance preclude the idea of any refusal to embrace the Greek religion and abjure their own. His consort was a princess of Hesse Darmstadt, who had the misfortune, however, to die in childbed, and a fresh match was immediately negotiated for the widower. The choice upon this occasion was in favour of a princess of Württemberg-Stuttgart.

The second marriage of Paul took place in 1776, and from that period he and his amiable wife lived in great seclusion, exposed to repeated insults from the empress. She was not satisfied with depriving her son of the estimation due to his station and of her own maternal affection, but she likewise took from him the rights and pleasures of a father. When his wife required to be delivered of her children, she was ordered to the palace of Tzarsko-selo, and there left in the hands of strangers. Her numerous progeny was brought up under Catherine, neither the father nor mother being allowed to have the least control in the education of their children, nor even to see them, except at stated intervals. A proceeding so utterly harsh and revolting to humanity could not fail to have a serious influence on the temper of Paul; and the deplorable eccentricities which afterwards distinguished his career, may almost be entirely attributed to the infamous conduct of Catherine. It was the suddenness of her death, and the terrors with which she looked forward to her dissolution, that prevented her from taking steps to set aside his succession, and to substitute his eldest son Alexander. His position was extremely similar to that of his unfortunate father Peter III.; and if he had not been more fortunate in having a quiet and unambitious wife, and a dutiful and amiable son, he might have been excluded from the throne altogether, or his reign almost immediately subverted. The guards—all powerful in the assemblies of sovereigns—were violently prepossessed against him. He had long since proclaimed his animosity against these regiments, and especially against their tactics and uniforms. In the lack of other and better excitement, the grand passion of Paul was to drill and dress soldiers. The Prussian uniform and exercise had seemed to him possessed of such superior attractions, as to render all others in the highest degree odious. The companies he was permitted to have at Pavlosky were accoutred in a manner which rendered them ridiculous in the eyes of the other soldiers, but constituted, in the opinion of Paul, an all-surpassing merit. His unweared diligence in exercising his soldiers, and the severity of his punishment for the slightest breach of discipline, were alarming to the guards, who were accustomed to gentle and soothing treatment, and his accession was therefore viewed by them with dismay and apprehension.

The very day of the demise of Catherine, 17th November 1796, Paul was escorted to the palace, and received

the oaths of allegiance of the senate, the officers of government, and of the army. Thus, from a state of vassalage and contempt, at the age of forty-three, he found himself his own master, and that of all the Russias. The first acts of his government, like those of his father, were popular and beneficent. He caused the body of Peter III. to be exhumed, and placed in state alongside of that of Catherine. With a vengeance well contemplated, he made Alexius Orloff, his ferocious assassin, stand as *chief mourner* during the solemn pageant. The iron nerves of that barbarian enabled him to enact this part with a composure which struck every one with astonishment. Paul, almost immediately upon his accession, released from prison the brave Kosciusko, the last of the Poles who had struggled against the usurpations of Catherine, and who had been rewarded for his patriotism by that despotic old lady with a dungeon in the fortress of Schlüsselburg. This act of homage to deserving heroism was followed up by his calling from poverty and neglect the dethroned King of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowski, and residing him a splendid palace in St Petersburg for his residence, with an establishment befitting a monarch. The conduct of Paul likewise, to the unworthy favourite of his mother, Plato Zouboff, who had in her latter days engrossed all power in Russia, savoured of similar generosity. He left him in possession of all the enormous wealth which had been bestowed on him, and at first even retained him in his court, though he afterwards exiled him to his estates.

In other respects, the behaviour of Paul at his accession gained him great applause. Instead of imitating the abominable policy of his mother, he called around him his sons, and entrusted them with important posts. Alexander was made military governor of St Petersburg, one of the most influential positions in the empire. The concluding measure of the late empress also, for debasing the current coin, and giving it a fictitious value, was with great promptitude and resolution stopped, and a more legitimate mode of remedying the disorders in the finances resorted to. The expensive war with Persia was at once put an end to, and the army under Valerian Zouboff, which had passed Mount Caucasus, and was occupying Georgia, recalled. Such were some of the first measures of Paul, which exhibited him in an advantageous light; and as his after proceedings were of so different a character, it was necessary to mention them, in order to show that, even in so disorganized and vicious a mind as his, there was a mixture of correct principle.

It was not long before his extraordinary character began to develop itself. All affairs of state, all the great objects of government, were in his eyes secondary to the important concerns of dressing and exercising his soldiers. The minute parts of the uniform he designed for them became his all-engrossing care. The shape of a hat, the colour of a feather, the altitude of a grenadier's cap, boots, spatterdashes, cockades, queues, and sword-belts, occupied all his thoughts. The neat and simple equipment of the Russian soldier was changed for the antiquated dress of Germany; his hair was to be stiffened with grease and flour, and a long false tail suspended down his back. Paul himself performed the duties of a drill-serjeant in introducing his new exercises amongst the guards. He went down to the courtyard every morning, and occupied three or four hours in teaching them to mount guard after his fashion. His *guard-parade*, indeed, became the greatest affair of his government. In all weathers he devoted great part of the day to it. Dressed in a plain deep-green uniform, great boots and cocked-hat, he spent his mornings in this exercise, and here he received all reports, gave orders, and published his rewards and punishments. Surrounded by his sons and aids-de-camp, stamping on the pavement to keep himself warm, his bald head bare, his snub nose cocked up to the wind, one hand behind his back, and with the other raising and falling his cane in due time, and crying *raz, dea, raz, dea* (one, two, one, two), was the daily picture of the Russian emperor in this interesting ceremony.

His sense of military duty was by no means of the ordinary kind. Going his usual round about his palace of Pavlosky, he caught a sentry asleep near his wife's pavilion. He ordered him to be bastinadoed on the spot. At his cries, the empress went to the window, and interceded for his pardon. "What!" exclaimed Paul, "dare you interrupt me in an act of military duty? Do you forget, madam, that I am your emperor also? I will make you remember it, however." At these words he ordered his aid-de-camp to put the empress under arrest, and a guard was accordingly placed at her door. On another occasion, riding out in the streets of St Petersburg, his horse stumbled with him. He immediately alighted, held a council with his attendants, and the horse was condemned to receive fifty lashes with a whip. Paul caused them to be given on the spot, counting himself the strokes, saying, "There, sir, that is for having stumbled under an emperor." A valuable horse, which was once guilty of the same offence, he ordered to be starved to death.

Whilst he was grand duke, Paul had conceived a strange antipathy to round hats, and when he became emperor, he declared immediate war against them. An order was issued prohibiting them, and directing that they should be torn to pieces wherever they appeared. This occasioned some singular scenes in the streets, since it was put in force before it was generally known. The Cossacks and soldiers of the police ran up to the passengers, and snatched off their hats, beating those who, not knowing the reason, attempted to defend themselves. The charge d'affaires of the king of Sardinia was ordered to quit the city in twenty-four hours, for ridiculing this specimen of imperial wisdom. All Russians who were found with this article on their heads, were condemned to serve as soldiers; and foreigners, particularly Frenchmen, were imprisoned as Jacobins. One day, Paul himself met a man at Pavlosky with a round hat, who endeavoured to avoid him. He, however, pursued, and caught him, and found that he was the clockmaker coming to wind up the clocks of the palace. After preaching to him a long sermon on the indecency of round hats, he asked his wife for some pins, and, raising the flap of the hat, cocked it himself, and then replaced it on the head of the owner. This

occurred when he was only grand duke, otherwise it would not have fared so well with the clockmaker.

Another regulation quite as incomprehensible was the sudden prohibition from putting-to and harnessing the horses in the Russian manner. A fortnight was allowed for procuring harness of the German fashion, after the expiration of which time, the police was enjoined to cut the traces of every carriage to which the horses were harnessed in the ancient manner. A point of etiquette was likewise revived, which had been totally abolished. It was usual for every person who met a Russian autocrat, his wife or son, to stop his horse or coach, alight and prostrate himself in the snow or in the mud. Paul directed this barbarous homage to be paid him, and several persons of the first rank were arrested, whose coachmen did not know the person of the emperor as he rode by. In order to avoid this danger, the officers, and even the generals, came to parade on foot, but even here the watchful eye of Paul was too much for them. An officer, walking the streets in a large pelisse, had given his servant his sword, which incommode him, intending to put it on again when he got near the palace. Unfortunately, before this took place, the emperor met him, and forthwith reduced him to the ranks, and made his servant an officer in his place. An unfortunate woman was much worse treated. The wife of Demuth, a wealthy hotel-keeper, passed the emperor in a carriage without knowing him, and without making the necessary prostration. She was carried to the house of correction, and, not being noble, was severely flogged for three days consecutive.

As Paul passed most of his time on parade, he published an imperial ukase, that all orders he there gave, upon all subjects whatsoever, should have the force of law. This gave rise to most ridiculous consequences. He once declared that Suvaroff was to be considered as the greatest general of every time, of every place, and of every nation, and shortly afterwards placed him under arrest, and disgraced him. A poor soldier, in the agony of his sufferings under the cane by Paul's orders for a trifling fault in his exercise, cried out in despair, "Cursed bald-head! cursed snub-nose!" The enraged autocrat commanded that he should expire under the knout; and at the same time prohibited, under pain of this dreadful punishment, any one from making use of the term "bald" in speaking of the head, or "snubbed" in speaking of the nose. Inanity could be scarcely carried farther!

It would be endless to repeat all the freaks of this strange personage. Every one trembled in his presence, for his caprices were so sudden and outrageous, that no one was safe from them. His principal officers were alternately disgraced and rewarded without any apparent cause. If any one kissed his hand without an audible smack, or let fall his knee with a noise equal to the butt-end of a firelock, he was arrested by his majesty himself, and degraded. In the mean time, lackeys and menials were often promoted to the highest posts, his principal favourite Kutaitsch having been a Turkish slave, and gained his confidence in the capacity of a valet-de-chambre. The activity of the emperor, and the terror inspired by his severity, banished all security, and an universal consternation prevailed amongst all classes, but especially amongst the nobility, who were more exposed to his vigilant observation. This discontent was preparing men's minds for the final catastrophe. It will be necessary to advert shortly to the political events of this extraordinary reign.

Previous to the death of Catherine, it had been intended that the Russian forces should join the coalition formed against the French republic. Paul dropped this scheme, as he did all others formed by his mother. But afterwards, a hatred of France and of Jacobinism took such possession of him, as rendered him more mad than ever. In 1799 he published a manifesto of war, not only against France, but also against Spain, which offended him for being at peace with the republic. His hostility against Spain never extended beyond the proclamation, since, in the course of the war, no encounter took place between that power and Russia. Against France, he sent Suvaroff, and that general, in conjunction with the Austrians, defeated the French armies, and drove them out of Italy. Suvaroff's successes were somewhat annoying to Paul, for this old warrior insisted upon conquering without gaiters, without queues, and without wearing the sword behind the back, which his Muscovite majesty could not understand.

With the usual violence of his temper, he loaded the English and Austrian ambassadors with reproaches and affronts, and indulged in the most severe sarcasms against the coalition. He published at this time his celebrated project of convoking a tournament of all the sovereigns and prime-ministers in Europe, and letting them decide the cause by a general tilt, instead of wasting the blood of so many thousands of men. This project is perhaps not quite so irrational as it was supposed, since it might often be adopted with advantage. In the first paroxysms of his rage, he accused his own armies of treason, and, by a proceeding of the most disgraceful nature, cashiered every officer who was taken prisoner by the French, by which several distinguished men were disgraced. He persuaded himself that his soldiers were beaten only for having been deficient in the evolutions he had taught them.

In the new turn which events had given to his imagination, Paul conceived a fierce hatred against Great Britain. This arose in some measure, perhaps, from his expectation of having the island of Malta given up to him, as he had become, to the astonishment of the world, Grand Master of the order of St John of Jerusalem. As this was an institution of Roman Catholic monks, the assumption of such an office by a married member of the Greek church, sufficiently shows the wild character of the man. A few straggling knights of the order had taken shelter in Russia; and as no sovereign in Europe besides could be induced to accept the protectorate of an order virtually dissolved, and long since useless, Paul was selected, and he notified his elevation to this dignity to the different courts with a parade in keeping with his other absurdities. To whatever cause, however, was owing his peculiar animosity against Great Britain, he allowed it

suddenly to explode; and by an act of despotism, which could only have been tolerated in a country so barbarous as Russia, he seized upon all the British shipping in his ports, confiscated the property of British merchants, and sent the sailors into the interior of the country. This was done without any previous declaration of war. At the same time, he professed to have become enamoured of the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was so distinguished for his discipline on *parade*. This word had a magic meaning in the ears of Paul, almost unappreciable. A league with the French then became his darling project, together with an attack upon the British possessions in the East Indies. His career was, however, about to close.

The disgrace with which the Russian arms had been covered in the war with the French, increased the unpopularity of Paul to the highest pitch. He was himself aware of the feeling against him, and his suspicions of plots and conspiracies rendered his conduct yet more detestable. The number of the exiles was increased to a frightful extent, and Siberia was peopled with the most illustrious men in Russia. The soldiers, with whom he surrounded himself, were harassed to death by his incessant attempts to try their fidelity and their exactness in the exercises, as well as by the unsparring rigour with which he punished the slightest offence, consisting, perhaps, of imaginary deviations from the last uniform which he had patronised. In these circumstances of universal terror, a conspiracy was at length hatched against the life of the common enemy. It is singular that it owed its rise not to any of those upon whom Paul had exercised his eccentric vengeance, but to a man who was one of the very few in whom he placed confidence, and whose fortune he had himself made. Pahlen was a Courlander, and had been promoted by Plato Zouboff to the civil governorship of Riga, where Paul first saw him, and, being pleased with him, ordered him to St Petersburg. He was afterwards made chief of the emperor's guards and governor of St Petersburg. In this latter capacity he had to render to Paul a daily account of all that was passing in the city, of the private life, the actions, and the words of the inhabitants. This was a duty attended with great labour and fatigue, and as Pahlen was fond of pleasure, he grew weary of its toils. Perpetually teased by the emperor with frivolous questions, to which it was necessary to make prompt and decided answers, he grew disgusted with his employment, and resolved to dethrone the master who had given it him. The uncertain tenure of the favour he enjoyed, and the apprehension of disgrace and exile, may have likewise had their effect upon his mind in coming to so dangerous a resolution.

Pahlen, having once taken his determination, instantly set about its execution. He obtained the recall of Plato Zouboff, upon whom he had cast his eyes as a fit instrument for his purpose. No sooner was Zouboff arrived at St Petersburg, than several others were drawn into the enterprise. Some of the guards were gained, and a determined band of conspirators organised. Their object went no farther than to force Paul to abdicate the throne, which he had proved himself so unworthy to fill. An anonymous letter was sent to the emperor, announcing to him his danger. Struck with alarm, he called for Pahlen. "A conspiracy is formed against me," said the emperor, "and you, governor of St Petersburg, are ignorant of it?" "Pardon me, sire," replied Pahlen, "not only am I not ignorant of it, but I am the more certain it exists, as I am myself a party to it." At these words the Czar discovered the liveliest surprise. "Yes, sire," resumed Pahlen with composure, "all the plans of the conspiracy are known to me; I am of the number of the conspirators, but it is to serve you, to preserve your sacred life; all their names are known to me." "Who are they?" exclaimed Paul with vehemence. "Sire," said Pahlen, bowing his head, "respect prevents me from revealing august names—" "I understand," interrupted the emperor, choked with rage; "I thought as much—the empress?" Pahlen did not reply. "The grand dukes Constantine and Alexander?" The silence of the traitor confirmed the eager suspicions of the Czar. "You will put the grand dukes in arrest," said Paul; "as for the empress, I will take care of her myself." He then embraced Pahlen, assuring him of the confidence he reposed in him.

These were results which served Pahlen's purpose. The arrest of the two princes would prevent them from interfering in their father's behalf, if they were so inclined, whilst it increased the terror and odium in which the Czar was himself held. He now hastened to his accomplices, and urged them to an immediate execution of the project. That very night was fixed, and Pahlen left them to execute his commission of arresting the two grand dukes. After this was accomplished, the rendezvous took place at the house of Zouboff. Here, invoking the shade of Brutus, the conspirators kept up their courage by copious draughts of champagne. During that same evening Pahlen saw the emperor, and, by his assurances, convinced him the danger was over, and the conspiracy dissolved.

When night was arrived, they advanced towards the palace through the gardens, where the mournful cries of ravens almost drove back this superstitious crew. But,

getting rid of their imaginary fears, they continued onwards, and as Pahlen had placed around the palace only those officers who were in the conspiracy, they met with no obstacle. They ascended the grand staircase, where reigned, as well as throughout the palace, a mournful silence. It was just midnight. Paul was in bed sleeping tranquilly on the faith of Pahlen. Having traversed a long suite of apartments without meeting with any impediment, the conspirators reached the door of Paul's antechamber. Here was a Hussar of the guard, who, springing from his slumbers at the sight of so many armed men, doubted their purpose, discharged his pistol. He was immediately cut down. At the noise Paul awoke; believing himself betrayed, he threw himself out of bed, and ran to a trap-door in the floor, which communicated with the lower story. Owing to his trepidation, perhaps, he could not move the spring. He flew to the door that led to his wife's apartment, but his own fears had caused it to be so barreled, as to remove all chance of escape

by this outlet. The principal door at length opened, and Paul had just time to hide himself behind a screen. The conspirators immediately discovered him, and hauled him forth. The unfortunate Czar called upon Pahlen as his last hope, but this traitor answered not. He had not, indeed, entered the room, but waited outside to witness events. A paper was presented to Paul: "Paul Petrowitz," said his enemies, "thou seest in us the organ of the senate and of the empire. Take this paper, read it, and thyself pronounce thy destiny." He took it in his hand and, by the feeble light of a lamp, glanced his eye over it. It was an act of abdication, containing a humiliating catalogue of his offences. His rage at this enumeration served him instead of courage. He threw the paper from him; "No," cried he; "death rather than dishonour."

He made a sudden burst upon the conspirators, and wrested from one of them a sword. Then commenced a scene which it is not necessary to describe. A violent struggle, exhortations, shouts, groans, and all was over. Paul lay dead, riddled with wounds. Pahlen entered the room as he heaved his last sigh. All gazed in silence upon the murdered monarch, who had been so long an object of dread.

Thus perished Paul, to the infinite joy of the millions whom he had for four years so cruelly maltreated. His assassination took place on the first of March 1801, and his eldest son, Alexander, succeeded him.

AN EXCURSION WITH A NATURALIST.

[Mr William Macgillivray, of Edinburgh—a gentleman rapidly rising into distinction as a naturalist, and author of several books which have already been alluded to in the Journal—has just published the first volume of an elaborate work on British Birds, illustrated by numerous engravings in wood and copper. The present volume—a thick octavo—contains a general introduction or classification and structure, and sections on four of the principal British orders, namely, the *Rasores* (Scrapers), the *Gemifora* (Crows), the *Deiphobites* (Huskers), and the *Vagatores* (Wanderer Crows). After a careful inspection of the work, we have no hesitation in saying that it presents a much more complete and accurate account of those orders than any other work in existence. Mr Macgillivray's descriptions of the structure of the various species are not derived from the works of preceding naturalists, nor even from the better source of the museums, but from personal inspection. Like Audubon and Wilson, he has gone forth into the country, cultivated or wild, and inquired for himself. The fidelity which this has given to his accounts both of the organisation and the habits of the birds, is beyond all price. As a relief to the purely scientific parts of his work, he occasionally introduces notices of his personal adventures, many of which are extremely entertaining. We find him often wandering among Highland hills for a wild night without food or shelter, and at last experiencing the hospitality of some poor cottager, to whom whisky bottle and bread and milk, apparently, the British public has more than once been indebted for the life of this indefatigable votary of science. A work so important a department of natural history, executed throughout in the style of the present specimen, cannot fail, we believe, to place its author in the first rank of existing naturalists. One of the lighter portions of the work is here extracted.]

HOWEVER interesting it may be to examine the structure of birds, compare the diversified forms which they present, and collect from the writings of authors whatever has reference to the species with which we are desirous of being intimately acquainted, our task cannot be satisfactorily completed until we go forth and study their characters for ourselves, as they are exhibited by the living objects pursuing their ordinary avocations. Wherefore, good pupil, having prepared you for observing the animals to which we purpose to devote our attention for a time, by entering upon considerations relative to their organisation, classification, and nomenclature, and by giving in detail the history of an entire group, I believe we cannot do better than equip ourselves for a walk, which I hope will be a pleasant one, the day being fine, and this, the end of October, the very season of all best adapted for an ornithological ramble.

With all my heart. I suppose I need no preparation, as I am no shot, and will be content with witnessing your exploits. So let us start.

This Newington is a pleasant place. You are here ready to step into the fields whenever you please. The city is behind, and the hills lie before us. You perceive Liberton Kirk on the height, the Braid Hills to the right, Craigmillar to the left, extensive fields now bared by the sickle, and some patches of wood, in which we may find objects to interest us. In the meantime, you observe the flocks of sparrows that harbour in the hedges, now keeping up an incessant chatter, and presently all mute. They have a merry time of it: the fields afford them an abundant store of wheat and oat seeds. See how they drop one by one, now in groups, among the stubble. Let us go near.

There they rise, and fly back to the hedge. But is it not a foolish thing to chase sparrows? The folly of chasing sparrows depends upon the object you have in view. If the divine wisdom and power have been exercised in creating them, and the good providence of God displayed in caring for them, it cannot be foolish in us to study their habits, provided we look upon them with relation to the author of their being. However, let us go on: they have flown, and you see that they move about in flocks, that is, are gregarious at this season, as many species of small birds are in winter, the lark for example, linnets, and buntings. Before us are some birds in the hedge, chaffinches, which, as you observe, fly in a manner somewhat different from that of the sparrows. Then, the rooks, which you see high in the air, moving steadily and

sedately along, with regularly timed beats of their expanded wings, and now, as if seized with some sudden panic, or impelled by some frolicsome propensity, dashing down headlong, crossing each other, whirling and undulating: how different is their flight from that of those wood pigeons, which advance with rapidity, moving their wings with quick strokes, and making the air whistle as they glide along; while the two white gulls, with their outstretched, long, arched wings, float buoyantly in the clear sky, bending gently to either side, as they advance from the sea.

In time you will be able to distinguish small birds by their modes of flying, when so distant that you cannot perceive even the general tints of their plumage. Birds might be classed by their flight, and an arrangement having that faculty for its basis, would, I believe, prove as useful as one founded on the form of the feet, or of any other organ. But there goes a wren. See what a right forward, short, whirring flight the little thing has; how it flies along the fence, perches on a stump, jerks up its tail, chirps its small sharp notes, nods and becks, and is off. There too a hedge-sparrow, which some call shuffle-wing, from a habit of slightly raising and shaking its wings; it hops away very quietly but nimbly, gets among the roots, shifts along, and flies in under the brambles, where it conceives itself secure.

Let us go on. It is a lovely day. The few remaining leaves of the poplars have assumed a bright yellow tint, and the red foliage of the beeches rustles like a corn-field in an autumnal breeze. Few flowers are now to be seen. Not many: there is the purple knapweed; the white dead-nettle by the hedge; the ragwort in the field; plenty of wild mint, chickweed, and groundsel, among the stubble. Were it summer, we should find several beautiful plants on these limestone rocks; the delicate *Dianthus deltoides*, the glowing *Lycoris viscaria*, the rare *Potentilla argentea*. This is Blackford Hill, which they are fast demolishing for road-metal. The hills on the other side are of clay-stone.

What bird is that in the field? It stands, runs forward, hops a little way, stops, falls a-picking at the ground, swallows something, stands again, and hops away. There are several. One utters a hoarse scream, and they are all off.

By your description, I should readily know the birds. They are missel thrushes, the largest of the family. They too, you observe, have a peculiar flight, somewhat like that of a sparrow-hawk, but with intermissions of the beats of the wing at regular intervals. They are shy enough now, but very bold in the breeding season, so as to drive off the prowling magpie, and even attack the smaller birds of prey. See, far off in the field, a flock of birds, darker, but having similar habits. They are fieldfares, winter visitors, which appear in flocks about the end of October, and leave us in April or May. Such birds are termed migratory, and we have some that arrive in spring, breed here, and return southward in autumn, as the wheatear, corn crake, cuckoo, and quail; and some that spend the winter in Britain and other temperate countries, arriving in autumn, and leaving us in spring for the northern regions, in which they rear their young. The woodcock, the fieldfare, the redwing, and the snow bunting, are of this latter kind. Again, there are birds that make their appearance in flocks, or solitarily, at uncertain periods, or once in many years, and these are called stragglers, or rare visitors. Those birds, on the other hand, such as the rook, the sparrow, and the partridge, that remain with us all the year round, are said to be permanent residents. The birds of all kinds that occur in Britain in a wild state amount to nearly three hundred species.

Hark! what a singular cry that stout little bird on the top-twigs utters. It is the corn bunting. You perceive that its legs dangle, or rather hang, for some time, as it flies off, at first with a straight whirring flight; but now it speeds away, rising and falling. The best sample of an undulating flight, however, you have in that wagtail, high over head, that shoots past like an arrow, ascends with a rapid motion of its wings, closes them, and darts along, then descends, and mounts again, describing Hogarth's line of grace, or the curve of gently-heaving billows. These partridges fly in quite a different style:—whirr, up, away, right forward, their short concave wings flapping smartly; then a short sail, with stiff-stretched pinions—and again whirr. Most of the gallinaceous birds fly in the same manner.

The sun shines brightly, yet we miss the merry lark that was wont to cheer us in spring and summer, as it climbs to heaven singing its most pleasant song. Indeed, almost all the songsters are mute now, at least have ceased to emit their modulated notes, which, although not peculiar to the love-season, are certainly not continued all the year round, as some assert, when the weather is fine, and the birds are in good health. Blackbirds and thrushes are in prime condition now, and yet their songs are not heard in the grove or on the hill. From this summit we see the Pentlands. A white mist covers the highest, and shoots out into the free space; but although it ever advances, it makes no progress. It is what meteorologists have named a parasitic cloud, and is very common in mountainous countries. I have often seen it stretch for half a mile from the brow of Ben Capval, an isolated hill in the Hebrides. The aqueous particles dissolve in the air when they have advanced to a cer-

tain distance. Let us descend and enter Braid Wood, where, I believe, some rare birds are to be found.

Not rare, but curious. The gold-crested wren, the creeper, sometimes an owl, and not unfrequently a dipper by the brook. There, a pheasant has sprung from among the grass, and flies to the wood with a heavy direct flight, its neck and tail stretched out. We are not qualified to shoot game, and therefore do not interfere with the rights of others.

There is a flock of very small birds scattered among the fir trees, so busily occupied that they pay no attention to us, although we are beneath them. They search among the twigs, for insects I suppose, hang in various attitudes, and utter a feeble and shrill cheep, somewhat resembling that of a mouse.

These are the gold-crested wrens of which I spoke. There, two of them are shot. See what diminutive things, and with what a glowing crest of yellow and orange silky feathers. There are also black tits, and a few blue among them. These birds pick up the insects, and pupae that have found refuge among the leaves and on the twigs; while that equally small bird, which you see running up the trunk of that oak, searches the bark, commencing at the bottom and ascending to the twigs, then flies off, and alights near the base of another tree. The activity of these tiny creatures is astonishing, for you may watch them for hours without observing the least intermission in their labour, if labour it may be called. Let us now cross the hill in the direction of Gilmerton. Some larks spring up from among the grass, with a peculiar flitting and undulating motion, and the pipits which you hear emitting their sharp notes, fly as if hesitating which way to direct themselves.

A full corn-yard is a very pleasant sight. These stacks are neatly built, and doubtless a judicious plan it is to support them on cast-iron props. Here is a small stream. Do you see that white spot by the burn? It moves. Is it foam? No, the dipper, or, as it is here called, the water crow; a pleasant, active, little bird, ever found by streams, but by no means by burns or brooks only, being as often seen on our largest rivers, as the Tay and the Tweed. It feeds upon aquatic mollusca and insects, for which, although not web-footed, it dives. There, it shoots past with a rapid, bouncing, direct flight, very like that of an humble bee. It follows the stream, and now it perches on a stone. What a beautiful little fellow; black, with white throat, and reddish-brown breast.

Now, let us proceed on our way across the fields. We have arrived at the Gilmerton limestone. The quarries, you observe, have been excavated along a continuous line, and there you see the bed has been followed to a great depth, pillars being left to support it. Here among the fragments are remains of encrinites, terbratulae, and other organic productions. The same limestone, after passing under the valley of the Esk, rises to the surface of the Roman Camp, and extends over a portion of East Lothian. Let us seat ourselves on this green mound, in sight of Arthur's Seat, and all those pleasant knolls and hollows. Here is a whole thicket of dog and downy-leaved roses, all in fruit. When the hard weather comes, these scarlet heps will afford a temporary supply to the small birds and thrushes. Do you see the large flock of gulls hovering over the ploughed field? I do. Is it not uncommon to see gulls so far inland? Not in winter. But they are off. Let us get across the fields to Craigmillar Castle, not regarding game-keepers, of whom I seldom fall in with more than one in a year, or steel-traps and spring-guns, of which I have never met with any, although the notices would have us believe there are scores of them in every wood. You see there is a considerable number of birds in this district. First, let us count those that may occur along the lane:—the sparrow, the chaffinch, the yellow bunting, the blackbird, the thrush. We have already seen the rook, the common gull, the wren, the hedge sparrow, the magpie, the sparrow-hawk, the missel thrush, the fieldfare, the corn bunting, the golden-crested wren, the black tit, the blue tit, the creeper, the lark, the common pipit, the dipper, and the water hen. Most of these you might easily procure in a single day. There is the old castle. But see, on that very large field, where the ploughs are going, two flocks of birds—gulls and lapwings. What a glorious sight! three hundred at least, beautiful, pure white-breasted gulls—a sure sign, the farmers say, of bad weather, when they fly over the land in this manner. They are all up; they wheel round, and are off over the trees. I always regret that these lovely birds should have so vulgar a name as gulls. Why a stupid fellow among ourselves, easily cheated, should be called a gull, is perhaps because that bird may often be caught with a small fish on a hook. But see: another most splendid flock of lapwings, with their large, broad, black wings, and glancing white sides. I believe there are several hundreds; but there is no chance of a shot.

The ruins of Craigmillar Castle, once a favourite residence of royalty, now a habitation for owls and jackdaws. What a beautiful view! Arthur's Seat, with its green and craggy slopes; Duddingston, and its quiet lake edged with reeds; the grounds and mansion of Sir Robert Dick; the village of Newington; Edinburgh, with its magnificent Castle-rock; the Braid Hills, and all the intervening fields and woods.

It is a delightful district for a naturalist to live in. The numerous eminences afford a great variety of

trap or igneous rocks, while the low tracts are composed of the coal formation, having beds of sandstone, shale, ironstone, and limestone, which are easily studied in the numerous quarries, and in the natural sections along the streams.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES, AND LONG STORIES TO SHORTEN THE WAY.

A WORK in two volumes (A. & C. Black, Edinburgh) has lately made its appearance under the above title, from the pen of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., and will be found equally interesting with the previous productions of this imaginative and lively writer. Sir Thomas possesses a large fund of traditional anecdotes, relative to the past condition of the Highlands, and has a happy knack of dressing them up for the amusement of modern readers. The following brief extract from a story called *Glengarry's Revenge*, will furnish a tolerable specimen of the present work.

The time of action of the story is said to be about the early part of the seventeenth century, and the principal actor in it was MacDonell, the chief of the clan Glengarry, a man of gigantic figure and Herculean strength. The other leading personage was MacKenzie, chief of Kintail, who by covert intrigue tried to procure his rival Glengarry's downfall. By timely intelligence, Glengarry heard of Kintail's plot, and of the powers by which he had armed himself to carry it into execution, and forthwith, with a chosen band, hastened to Kintail's abode at Eilean Donan.

The hall of Eilean Donan (proceeds the story) was that night crowded beyond all former precedent. The feast was already over, and Lord Kintail was then presiding over the long board, where flowing goblets were circulating among the numerous guests, who were all his friends or allies, or who at least feared to declare themselves to be otherwise. But fully aware of the uncertain materials of which this great assemblage was composed, the chief of the MacKenzies had most prudently intermingled the stoutest and bravest individuals of his own clan among these strangers; and, as was customary in these rude times, each man sat with his drawn dirk sticking upright in the board before him, ready for immediate use, in case of its services being required; and this precaution was the more naturally adopted upon the present occasion, because every one at that table was jealous and doubtful of those sitting to right and left of him.

On a sudden the door of the hall was thrown open, and a huge man strode slowly and erectly into the middle of it. He was muffled up in a large dark plaid, of some nameless tartan, and it was so folded over the under part of his face, as completely to conceal it; whilst the upper part of his features was shrouded by the extreme breadth of the bonnet he wore. His appearance produced a sudden lull in the loud talk that was then arising from every mouth, the din of which had been making the vaulted roof to ring again. The name of MacLeod ran in whispers around, and Lord Kintail himself having for a moment taken up the notion that had at first so generally seized the company, he signed to his seneschal to usher the stranger towards the upper end of the table where he himself sat, and where a vacant chair on his right hand had been left for the chief of Dunvegan. The stranger obeyed the invitation indeed; but he sat not down. He stood erect and motionless for a moment, with all eyes fixed upon him.

“MacLeod!” said the Lord Kintail, half-rising to acknowledge his presence by a bow. “Thou art late. We tarried for thee till our stomachs overmatched our courtesy. But stay, am I right? art thou MacLeod or not? Come, if thou art MacLeod, why standest thou with thy face concealed? Unfold thyself and be seated; for there are none but friends here.” “I am not MacLeod!” said the stranger, speaking distinctly and deliberately, but in a hollow tone, from within the folds of his plaid. “Who art thou, then, in God's name?” demanded Kintail, with some degree of confusion of manner.

“I am an outlawed MacDonell,” replied the stranger. And then, after a short pause, he made one bold step forward,—and throwing wide his plaid, and standing openly confessed before them all, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder, “I am Glengarry!”

There was one moment of fearful silence, during which all eyes were turned upon the chief of the MacDonells, with the fixed stare of people who were utterly confounded. Then was every dirk plucked from the board by the right hand of its owner, and the clash which was thus made among the beakers and flagons was terrific; and the savage looks which each man darted upon his neighbour, in his apprehension of treachery, where each almost fancied that the saving of his own life might depend on the quick dispatching of him who sat next to him, presented a spectacle which might have frozen the blood of the stoutest heart that witnessed it. But ere a stroke was struck, or a single man could leave his place, Glengarry sprang on Kintail with the swiftness of a falcon on its quarry; and ere he could arm himself, he seized his victim with the vice-like grip of his left hand, and pinned him motionless into his chair, whilst the dirk which he had concealed under his plaid, now gleamed in his right hand, with its point within an inch of the MacKenzie's throat. “Strike away, gentlemen,” said Glengarry, calmly; “but if that be your game, I have the first cook!”

The MacKenzies had all risen, it is true. Nay, some of them had even moved a step forward in defence of their chief. But they marked the gigantic figure of Glengarry; and seeing that the iron strength he possessed, gave him as much power over Lord Kintail as an ordinary man has over a mere child, and that any movement on their part must instantly seal his doom, each man of them stepped back and paused, and an awful and motionless silence once more reigned for some moments throughout the hall. “Let any man but stir a finger!” said Glen-

garry in a calm, slow, yet tremendous voice, 'and the fountain of Lord Kintail's life's blood shall spout forth, till it replenish the goblet of him who sits in the lowest seat at this board! Let not a finger be stirred, and Kintail shall be skaitless.'

'What wouldst thou with me, MacDonell?' demanded Kintail, with half-choked utterance, that gave sufficient evidence of the rudeness of that gripe by which his throat was held. 'Thou hast gotten letters of outlawry and of fire and sword against me and against my clan,' said Glengarry.

'I have,' said Kintail. 'They were sent me because of thy rescue of certain men of the MacCraws, declared rebels to the king.' 'I ask not how or whence thou hast them,' said Glengarry; 'but I would have them instantly produced.' 'How shall I produce them, when thou wilt not suffer me nor any one to move?' said Kintail. 'Let thy chaplain there—that unarmed man of peace—let him produce them,' said Glengarry. 'Go then, good Colin,' said Kintail to the chaplain, 'go to yonder cabinet, thou knowest where they lie. Bring them hither.'

'This is well!' said Glengarry, clutching the parchments with his armed hand from the trembling ecclesiastic, and thrusting them hastily into his bosom; 'so far this is well. Now sit thee down, reverend sir, and forthwith write out a letter from thy lord to the king, fully clearing me and mine in the eyes of his Majesty from all blame, and setting forth in true colours my own loyalty and that of my brave clan. Most cruelly have we been belied, for before these gentlemen I do here swear, that as God shall be my judge, he hath nowhere more faithful subjects.' 'Use thy pen as he dictates,' said Kintail, 'for if he speaks thus, I will freely own he hath been wronged in the false rumours which have been conveyed to me, and through me to his Majesty.' 'Tis honest at least in thee to say so much, Lord Kintail,' said Glengarry; 'and since thou dost grant me this, thine amanuensis here may as well write me out a short deed pledging thee to the restitution of those lands of mine which were taken from me, by the king's order, on former false statements of delinquency. And be expeditious, dost thou hear, lest thy good lord here may suffer too long from the inconvenience of this awkward posture in which thou art thyself detaining him by thy slow and impudent clerkship.'

'Write as thou art bid! and as expeditiously as may be,' said Kintail, sincerely coinciding with Glengarry's last recommendation. Accordingly, the papers were made out exactly as he desired—signed by Kintail—and then placed in the spacious bosom of the MacDonell chief. 'All this is so far well,' said Glengarry. 'Now swear me solemnly that I shall be permitted to return home without molestation, and that thou wilt faithfully, and truly, and honestly, observe these thine engagements.' 'I swear!' said Kintail, 'I solemnly swear that thou shalt pass hence and return into thine own country, without a hair of thy head being hurt; and I shall truly and faithfully observe every thing I have promised, whether in writing or otherwise.' 'Then,' said Glengarry, quietly relinquishing his grasp, sheathing his dirk, and coolly seating himself at the board as if nothing had happened, 'then let us have one friendly cup ere we part—I would pledge to thy health and to thy roof-tree, my Lord Kintail!' and, saying so, he filled a large goblet of wine and drained it to the bottom, turning it up when he had finished, to show that he had done fair justice to the toast.

'Glengarry!' said Kintail, 'thou shalt not find me behind thee in courtesy. Thine to be sure hath been in certain respects somewhat of the roughest to-night, and I must own,' continued he, chafing his throat, 'that a cup of wine never could come to me more desirably than at this moment; so I now drink to thee as a friend, for enemies though we have ever been, thy gallant courage has won my full applause.' 'And I repeat the pledge, and in the same friendly guise, Kintail,' said Glengarry, taking him by the hand, and squeezing it till this demonstration of his new-born friendship became almost as inconvenient to the chief of the MacKenzies as the effects of his ancient enmity had so lately been. 'And now I must bid you all God speed in a parting draught—Shante!'

'One cup more, Glengarry, to *Deoch-an-dorrus!*' said Kintail. 'With all my heart,' said Glengarry, and this last pledge was a deep one. Again he squeezed Kintail's hand, till he made the tears come into his eyes. 'Be assured,' said he, 'thy letter to the king is in safe hands, my Lord Kintail, for I shall see it delivered myself.'

'Lights and an escort there for Glengarry!' cried Lord Kintail; and the bold chief of the MacDonells, bowing courteously around him to all that were assembled in the hall, left them full of wonder at his hardihood, whilst he was marshalled with all due ceremonial and honour to the boat, and ferried across to his impatient people.

'My horse, Alaster!' cried Glengarry, as soon as his foot had touched the shore; and throwing himself into the saddle, he let no grass grow at his heels till he reached the capital, and was presented at court, where he speedily re-established himself in the good opinion of his sovereign.'

REASON FOR ACCEPTING THE FIRST OFFER.

Every young lady is taught to consider marriage as the great and ultimate end of her life. It is that to which she looks forward for happiness, and in which she hopes to rival or excel her associates; and even the *first* to be married in a family, or court, is a matter of no small consideration. These circumstances plead eloquently in favour of the first lover who makes the demand. The female heart is naturally kind and generous—it feels its own weakness, and its inability to encounter singly the snare and troubles of life; and in short, that it must lean upon another, in order to enjoy the delights most congenial to its natural feelings, and the emanation of those tender affections, in the exercise of which the enjoyments of the female mind chiefly consist. It is thus that the hearts of many young women become by degrees irrevocably fixed on those whom they were formerly wont to regard with the utmost indifference, if not with contempt; merely from a latent principle of generosity existing in the original frame of their nature; a principle which is absolutely necessary towards the proper balancing of our respective rights and pleasures, as well as the regulation of the conduct of either sex to the other.—*James Hogg.*

EFFECTS OF CHANGE OF SCENE AND AIR ON HEALTH.

Dr. ROBERTSON, in his "Popular Treatise on Diet and Regimen," makes the following useful observations regarding the effects of travelling on the health:—"The change of air, which, in cases of comparative health, I would especially advise, is that embraced in constantly moving from place to place, taking as much personal exercise as possible. To taste all the pleasures which the best and most healthy of all kinds of travelling affords, you need not leave your native land. It is this sort of travelling (walking on foot, as far as is possible or convenient); this total removal from ordinary and every-day habits; this constant exercise; this continual change of air, which does most good: that, if the man is in moderate health, gives vigour to his system, freedom to his limbs, and clearness to his mind, which will, like magic, uproot many a case of long-continued dyspepsia, and cause many a chronic disease, threatening to degenerate into something worse, to be no longer felt. Change of air may be too great; but it cannot be too frequent, if the powers of the system are not materially impaired. Travelling, and especially pedestrian travelling, presents, among its many other points of excellence, this in a remarkable degree. It acts directly on the mind as well as on the body. I am satisfied that if the measure were tried in cases of hypochondriacism, in cases of incipient insanity, many a one would be restored to his reason, his family, and his friends. The effect of such travelling cannot be sufficiently estimated. It would enable many an invalid, at a cheap rate, to show 'clean bills of health.' I think that few will say the prescription is not palatable."

NATURE'S HAUNTS.

Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth, which needs Experience more than reason, that the world Is full of guilt and misery, and hast known Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares, To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood, And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men, And made thee loathe thy life. And hence these shades are still the abodes Of undissolved gladness: the thick roof Of green and stirring branches is alive And musical with birds, that sing and sport In wantonness of spirit; while, below, The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect, Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the glade Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam That waked them into life. Even the green trees Partake the deep contentment: as they bend To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene. Scarce less the clef-born wild-flower seems to enjoy Existence, than the winged prunker. That sucks its sweets. The mucky rocks themselves, The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees, That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude, Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots, With all their earth upon them: twisting high, Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet Sends forth glad sounds, and, tripping o'er its bed Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks, Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice In its own being. Softly tread the marge, Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren That dips her bill in water. The cool wind, That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee, Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass Ungratefully, and shall give its light embrace.

—*Bryant.*

ECCENTRICITIES IN HOARDING PAPER MONEY.

The Bank of England derives a small profit—though a very small one—through the eccentricities of some of the parties who hold its bank post bills. It is not long ago since an eccentric gentleman residing in Portland Street framed and exhibited in one of the apartments of his house, for five consecutive years, a bank post bill for £30,000. It was only taken down and converted into money by his heirs, when he himself had crossed the well-known bourne of Shakespeare. It may at first sight appear strange that he should thus have exposed to the risk of being stolen an instrument representing so much money. But the fact was, that the circumstance of its being so exhibited was well known at the bank, and any other person than himself, presenting it in Threadneedle Street, would have been immediately pounced upon as a thief. Another bank post bill, from the concealment of which the bank derived no inconsiderable profit, was discovered some years ago, under very singular circumstances. In a house looking into Hyde Park, and now the town residence of a celebrated noble lord, a dispute chanced to occur one evening among a party of noblemen and gentlemen, respecting the meaning of a certain passage of Scripture. One of the party, repeating the passage, asked its meaning of a dean of the Church of England who happened to be present. The clergyman, who had devoted fully as much of his time to the gaities of the world as he did to the study of the Scriptures, said there was no such passage in the Bible. A second difference of opinion among the party arose on this point, when the gentleman who introduced the subject said that if a Bible were given him, he would at once point out the passage in one of the historical books of the Old Testament. The Bible which chanced to be nearest at the time was a quarto one, which the mother of Lord R——, in whose house the party were, had been in the habit of daily reading, but which had been laid among other old religious books on a shelf out of the way, and had not been opened since her death some years before. On the sacred volume being opened, a piece of paper was found in it, which, on examination, turned out to be a bank post bill to the amount of £40,000.—*Great Metropolis, second series.*

SAGACITY OF A SAVAGE.

The sagacity of savages often transcends all that the boasted learning of schools and colleges can show. A North American Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, was stolen. After taking his observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Meeting with some persons on his route, he inquired if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They answered in the affirmative: and, upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person, whom, to them, it appeared he had never seen. The Indian replied, 'The thief, I know, is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it; while standing on the ground; that he is an *old* man, I know it, by his *short* steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white* man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks—which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short*, from the mark which the muzzle made, by rubbing the bark of the tree against which it had leaned; that his dog is *small*, I know by his track; and that he has a *bob-tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust, where he was walking, while his master was busied about my meat.'

NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Never was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones, than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play, from the rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804, to his eventful exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Whitworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men. (Here follows a detail of the different levies made from 1804 till 1814. Total men, 2,965,965.) This detail, which is derived from Napoleon's official Journal, the *Moniteur*, under the several dates, is defective in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1813, we shall be much under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles; and, at a modern computation, these cannot have fallen short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume, that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here then are our data for asserting that the late year of his glory were purchased at no less an expense than six millions human lives. This horrible inroad on the fairest parts of the population of Europe resulted in the abandonment of every conquered territory; the bringing of foreign enemies, twice within forty and twenty months, under the walls of Paris; and the creation of his name from the records of dominion.—*Paris paper.*

NAMES OF COUNTRIES AND PLACES.

The following countries were named by the Phoenicians, the greatest commercial people of the ancient world. These names in the Phoenician language signify something characteristic of the place which they designate. Europe signifies a country of white complexions—so named because the inhabitants there were of a fairer complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Asia signifies between, or in the middle—from the fact that geographers placed it between Europe and Africa. Africa signifies the land of corn or ears—it was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain. Lydia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic of the country. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies—the country was once so infested with these animals, that Augustus was sued to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch. Calabria is a similar reason. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow hair, as yellow hair characterised its first inhabitants. Caledonia is a woody region. Hibernia is utmost or last habitation, for beyond this westward, the Phoenicians never extended their voyages. Britain, the country of tin, as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phoenician tongue either white or high mountain, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast. Corsica signifies a woody place. Sardinia the footsteps of a man, which it resembles. Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes. Scylla, the whirlpool, is destruction. Syme signifies bad savour, so called from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood. Etna signifies furnace, or dark smoky.—*Old Scrapbook.*

THE LORD MAYOR'S SPIT.

Among the other good things prepared by the Marquis of Camden, for the festivities of Bayham Abbey, in honour of the Earl of Brecknock's coming of age, in 1820, was an immense bar of beef, so ample in its dimensions, that no spit could be found in the kitchen of the noble marquis large enough to roast it upon. Many other noble houses, both in town and country, were applied to for this necessary instrument, but without success; and the idea of roasting it whole was about to be abandoned, when, as a last resource, the Lord Mayor was applied to, and (to the honor of city hospitality be it spoken) his lordship's spit was large enough, and to spare. This said baron of beef was served up to the table with much pomp. The dinner trumpet having summoned the noble host and hostess, with their numerous guests, to the banqueting room, the sound of music was heard in a distant part of the mansion. On a sudden the folding-doors of the apartment were thrown open, and a procession was seen advancing along the spacious hall, in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious cookery. In the van appeared a full band of musicians, playing the comfortable air yet! 'Oh! the Roast Beef of Old England.' Then followed the capacious cook-major, clad from top to toe in purest white, and bearing aloft a massive silver spit, filled with the most pungent mustard. Then came the majestic baron himself, in all its substantiality: the gigantic silver dish, on which it reposed amidst an ocean of gravy, borne on a kind of litter, on the shoulders of four domestics in gorgeous liveries, and flanked on either side by an assistant-cook (snow-white in costume like the major), and each brandishing a huge carving knife and fork. The rear was brought up by troops of domestics with the less important viands; and in this state they approached the table, where all having been set forth in due order, the cook-major and his fellows remained to do the honours of the beef, with all the ceremony such a weighty business required.—*Old newspaper.*

In our notice of the second volume of Lockhart's *Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott*, in No. 270, we have quoted a legendary story said to have been related by Sir Walter, in reference to his neighbour, Mr. Lairdlaw, tenant of the farm of Peel, who is mentioned by the narrator as having been a bankrupt. Since quoting this story, we have accidentally learned from a friend, that the statement as to bankruptcy is not correct. We take the earliest opportunity in our power of expressing our regret for having, however unintentionally, added to the currency of a story not consistent with truth.

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